



Time



29 0 1

Chapter 1 by ChilledVodka

In her dimly lit room she laid helpless and hopeless in her canopy bed. Her blonde hair no longer lustrous and bright as it used to be. Her sapphire eyes have now faded colour and lost twinkle. Her soft vermilion lips had vanished of colour and no longer smiled or moved. Her disease had trapped her within those penny plain cinereous walls, leaving her with a quaint grandfather clock for company. She was mesmerized by every coordinated movement of its slender arms that made perfect circles. She liked the way how the suspended pendulum moved to and fro to denote the commencement and the end of a minute, while for everyone else it was just a relentless series of ticks and tocks. She liked the way how time enjoyed her company ,while time rushed when it was with others.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account